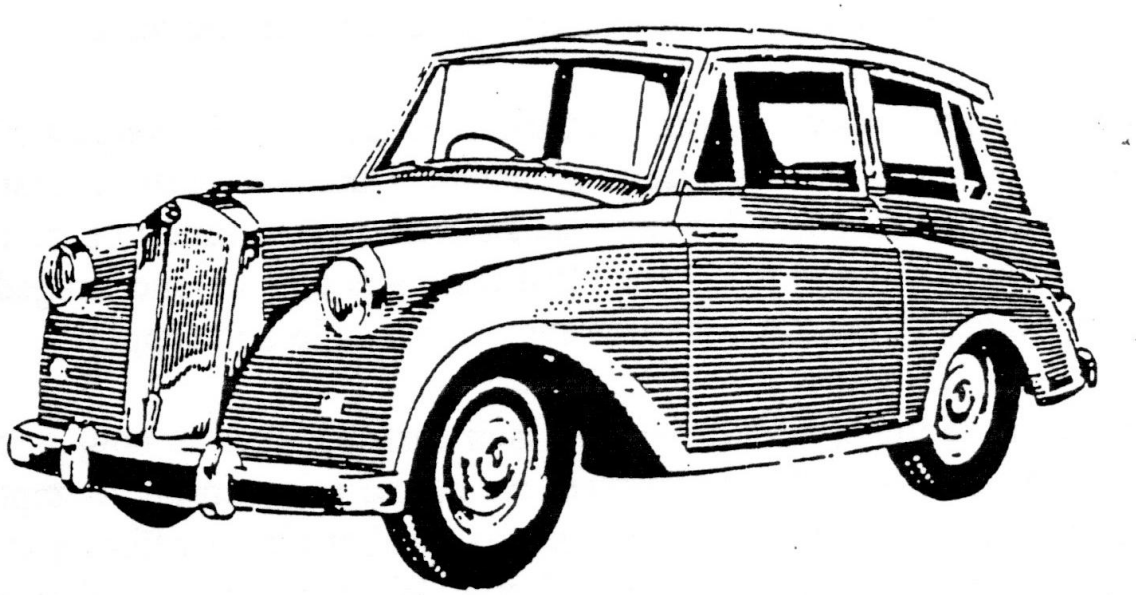


THE TRIUMPH MAYFLOWER CLUB

MAYFLOWER FEATURES 2

March 2018 | Paul Burgess

Contents

Bob Mann's 1951 Triumph Mayflower

Australian Classic Car, October 2001

On the Razor's Edge by Patrick Quinn

Unusual and 'quirky' are two of the kinder words that could be used to describe the styling of the Triumph Mayflower. But that styling certainly left an imprint on Bob Mann, one that kept him searching for a Mayflower for many years as Pat recently found out.

"After I left school I worked for a few months in the local Standard/Triumph/Ferguson dealer here in Nowra," recalled Bob. A Mayflower occasionally came in for service. The unique shape and the styling really appealed to me and I promised myself that if I ever had the chance I would buy one."

The reasons for the Mayflower's appearance have a great deal to do with Sir John Black, Standard-Triumph's autocratic chief in the immediate post-World War Two years. At that time, Triumph, like other British manufacturers, was faced with an edict from the UK government that effectively told them to 'export or die'. Like Austin, Standard-Triumph saw great potential in the American market, where the home-grown producers were struggling to meet pent-up demand. Black decided that what Americans really wanted was an easy-to-drive small car with razor-edge styling and a traditional radiator grille – a kind of mini Rolls Royce – and he commissioned coachbuilders Mulliners to design it.

Conventional engineering

Appearance apart, the new vehicle was very much a conventional British small car. The body was welded to a box-section chassis and the engine was a development of the pre-war Standard Ten – a long stroke 1247cc side-valve unit. The gearbox, with only three speeds but all synchromesh came from the Standard Vanguard. The 'easy-to-drive' nature derived from the torquey long-stroke engine coupled with low gearing to provide good flexibility, and the use of light steering with a good turning circle. Suspension was by coil and wishbone at the front and traditional semi-elliptic springs at the rear. To add a final bit of appeal for the American market, Triumph adopted the 'Mayflower' name, evoking thoughts of the founding fathers' first ship. There was even a bonnet mascot with a reproduction of the Mayflower under full sail.

Announced at the 1949 Earls Court Motor Show, the Mayflower went into production in May 1950. It didn't ever take off in the USA in the way that Triumph had hoped but nevertheless some 34,000 cars were made before manufacture gave way to the Standard Eight in 1953. In Australia, a

major export market, Standard also produced 150 utilities by doing a 'cut and shut' on the saloon bodies. This operation was apparently not disclosed to head office in the UK at the time!

Elusive Mayflower

But back to Bob Mann and his search for the elusive Mayflower. "I watched the classified ads for years," Bob said, "And then, about seven years ago. A Mayflower saloon and utility were advertised in the Sydney Morning Herald. Of course, I procrastinated and the ad didn't appear again for another three months. I was still deciding what to do when a friend said that he was interested in the utility and he convinced me to go and have a look. It turned out that the delay in readvertising was because a previous looker had left a deposit and then not returned. Both vehicles were in remarkable condition. They had been garaged and the bodywork was first class." Bob's car even came with documentation that showed it was originally purchased by Mr Dent of Ashfield in Sydney for the sum of £862 five shillings and six pence, including dress rims. The selling dealer was EC Holmes Garage of Edgecliff.

Bob's Mayflower turned out to be quite an easy restoration. There was no rust at all in the body. The engine had previously been dissembled and he had it overhauled and put back together by a specialist. The upholstery and paintwork were likewise carried out by professionals but Bob did all the assembly work himself.

"The Mayflower originally came in black, maroon, grey and blue but I had a fancy for red because it looked more regal," he laughs. "The colour is actually a bit more red than I intended but I'm quite happy with it." The restoration process took about twelve months and since then the Mayflower has travelled quite a bit from its Nowra home, with trips to Canberra and Sydney on several occasions and it has ventured as far afield as Melbourne and even Echuca with total reliability.

Easy to drive

A brief stint behind the steering wheel confirmed for me that the 'easy-to-drive' aim of the designers had been well and truly achieved. The mayflower steers nicely and the flexibility of the small four cylinder engine is outstanding. It pulls easily from very low speeds in top gear and from almost a standstill in second. Around town the lack of a fourth speed is not noticed, although it would doubtless be a different story on the open road. The unusual styling and bright colour certainly attracted plenty of attention from other road users.

Official statistics show that almost 4500 Mayflower saloons were registered in Australia between 1951 and 1954 but the number of survivors is very small. Bob estimates that there are probably only six cars left in Australia. All of which gives Bob's car a degree of exclusivity that perhaps befits its mini Rolls Royce appearance.

2000 Miles of Wales with Mayflower and Caravan

The Standard Car Review, December 1951

"Which part of Wales are you going to?"That question was asked more than once when I told friends that we were touring Wales for our holidays this year. And there was no little surprise when I replied "All of it!" By Roy Savill

QUITE frankly, all of Wales in fourteen days did not seem such a formidable undertaking, for I knew that the Triumph Mayflower and the Country Life "Langull" caravan that we were to use would prove a stalwart pair and be well equal to the itinerary that had been planned. And it was so. Apart from an over-abundance of rain, the whole trip was comfortably and enjoyably done.

When B. A. Rolfe and Sons of Romsey, who on the garage side of their business are Standard and Triumph Agents, offered one of their little "Langull" vans, I jumped at what I knew was a good thing.Weighing 12 cwt 3 qrs. unladen it seemed about right for a sturdy little 10 h.p. car like the Mayflower.

And so it proved when I drove from Hampshire to Kent with the van, having first put some 400 miles on the "clock." (This was a brand new car and it was neither fair nor sensible to put such a load behind her much before the end of the normal running-in period.)

It soon became apparent that the Mayflower was going to be quite happy with her load. Towing was smooth and the getaway quick and easy. Gear change can often be troublesome when towing, but in this case the action was as sweet as could be.

SIXTY TOWING MILES A DAY

The caravan tyres had been pumped to a pressure of 35 lbs., and the rears of the car to three pounds over the recommended pressure to 28 lbs. Experience had shown this to reduce any snaking tendency to a minimum.

As it was there was no tail wag or anything to worry about at all. The Mayflower seemed eager to get on, and the caravan followed obediently and without fuss, but, of course, with the new engine I was taking it easy. It was noticeable too that there was not a creak from the factory fitted towbar, nor was there a sign of stress on the car's chassis,

I suppose we were pulling about I5 or 16 cwts. when we got away next day, but very little gear changing was called for. Low gear was only needed on very rare occasions, except when traffic forced us to crawl. It was easy to forget there was a caravan there—dangerously easy, in fact.

Soon the Mayflower's first 500 miles were well and truly passed and we felt able to give the engine a little more scope. It took us along merrily as we made for our first night's site, at Cirencester, although this had not been a road to offer much by way of hills.

Towing at 30 m.p.h. was practicable anywhere, and the try-outs at speed that we did indulge in soon made it clear that we had nothing to worry about. In fact, we felt that given a good road and an O.K. by the law some high-speed towing would have been quite easy; later on we were to prove this to be so. It was interesting, too, to note that along the road to Cirencester a strong side wind had absolutely no effect.

On the road ; the Mayflower and the Langull in a pleasing partnership.

Next day we were bound for Brecon in Wales, some 80 miles away ; through Gloucester and the Wye Valley. This time there were some real hills, but although bottom gear was called for here and there, the Mayflower averaged well over 25 m.p.h.

In the evening we took a thrilling solo ran across the beautiful Fforest Fawr, a run that gave the Mayflower full opportunity for showing what a lively and beautiful-to-handle little car it is.

This really was the start of seeing Wales, and time for a final look through the schedule. The plan was to go due north from Brecon, then along the North Wales coast from Rhyl to Bangor, continuing down to Aberystwyth. From there we were to break inland to Carmarthen, then down to Porthcawl and back by way of Cardiff and Newport to Ross-on-Wye.

The schedule decided on would give us about sixty miles towing a day, which I feel is about a comfortable maximum. Mostly this would be morning towing, to avoid the panicky consequences of darkness falling before getting safely on to a site.

The beautiful mountains of Bwlch Corddrwa from the roadside.

SAFEST MAXIMUM SPEED

With each site as a base, we would fan out and tour with the Mayflower solo, the tours being mainly circular, and charted in such a way that very rarely would we have to travel the same stretch of road twice. And unless they led somewhere of great interest or beauty, "deadends" were to be avoided like the plague. Plenty of time was allowed for restful breaks in or near the caravan, and for visiting tows, seaside and so on.

When we left Brecon we made for Llandrindod Wells and Newtown, the road between these two towns being memorable for its twists and turns, which were such that it was seldom possible to see more than fifty yards of road at a time. But with the Mayflower handling really sweetly, and being so unusually flexible in top gear, a good average was maintained nevertheless.

It was on the long, straight ran just past Welshpool that the 50 m.p.h. tow was achieved (shush !). It was a slightly uphill gradient, which was perhaps better from a towing point of view, as it meant that the car was always "pulling," which is an important aspect of towing.

However, it must be appreciated that this was only a test. The writer is emphatic that 30 m.p.h. is the safest and most comfortable all round maximum, apart from the need for keeping within the law. And although perfect comfort in towing at "50" proved the qualities of both Mayflower and " Langull," the engineering facets must be taken into consideration, including bearings and other stresses—and after all, what would happen if the van did come adrift at that speed ?

Looking out across the smooth waters of Lake Vyrnwy.

By the time we had reached the north coast, the car had knocked off her first 1,000 miles and was due for a change of engine oil, cylinder head tightening and general check over. So dutifully as per the instruction book I took the Mayflower to the Standard and Triumph people at Colwyn Bay, Hollingdrake Automobile Co. Ltd., who promptly and quickly did what was required.

The only adjustment called for was to advance the ignition a little. I had noticed that the engine was heating rather, and there had been no trace of pinking at any time—which, of course, there should have been now and then under load.

As we moved round to Snowdonia the rain began, keeping us in the van more than had been intended. But the "Langull" proved most comfortable, the clever layout making it roomy despite its comparative smallness. It was watertight too, although the aluminium shortage had forced Country Life to turn to an oil bound hardboard roof. And it was out in heavy weather.

ADEQUATE COMFORT AND ECONOMY

On the really good roads of Wales - and the good ones really are good – we saw just what the Mayflower could do on its own. It would hold 60-65 m.p.h. with ease, and didn't even shudder when we drove through Llanfiarpwllgwyngyll !

So far as the towing route was concerned, Barmouth gave us the only bad moments, with its narrow, winding streets and niggling little hills. Even on a Sunday morning we were glad we had such a comparatively small outfit.

The hilliest road of the lot (again, so far as towing was concerned) was the A485 from Aberystwyth to Lampeter and Carmarthen, giving the Mayflower plenty of gear changing. But the response was magnificent.

By the time we got back to Ross we were at the end of some 2,000 miles, of which 800 were towing; and all in what amounted to less than a fortnight.

So far as petrol consumption was concerned, the average was just better than 30 m.p.g. overall. Average speed when towing worked out at about 25 m.p,h., a tribute to both car and caravan.

The tour proved what can be done with such a light outfit, giving adequate comfort with economy. The Mayflower is a car that can be driven for almost any length of time without a feeling of strain, and such a caravan as the "Langull" adds no extra imposition.

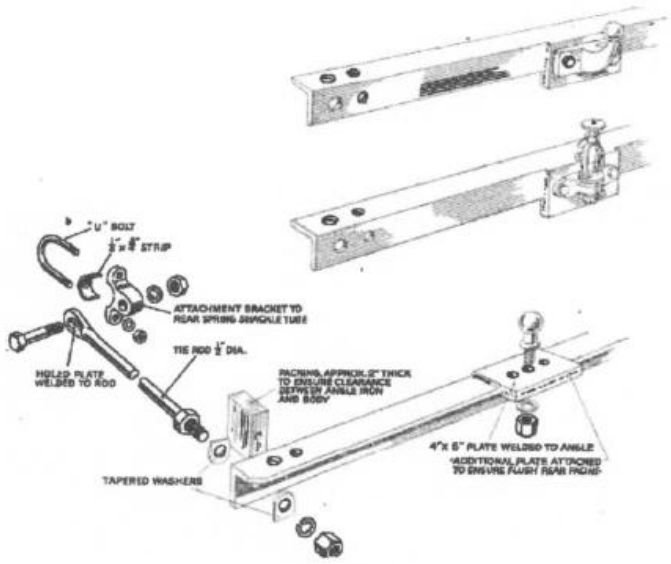
Tow-bar Attachment for the Triumph Mayflower

The Standard Car Review, December 1951

In his article on a 2,000 mile caravan trip through Wales, Mr. Savill mentions the tow-bar attachment used on his Triumph Mayflower. We illustrate here this attachment and give a brief description of it for the benefit of those who wish to use a trailer with their Mayflower.

The Technical Department of The Standard Motor Co. Ltd. consider this attachment entirely suitable within its limitations.

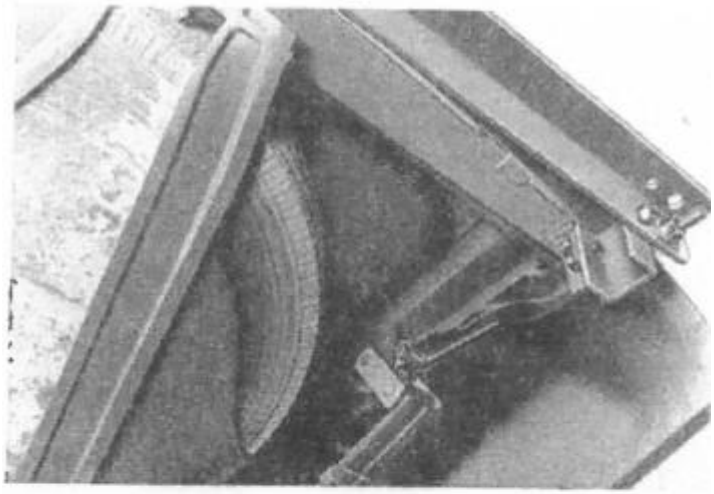
We have stressed in previous articles on towing the importance of the caravan or trailer weights being in relation to the car, if comfortable towing is expected. The attachment described would be strong enough to pull a trailer up to 30 or 35 cwt., but on the formula given in our previous article, the *maximum* weight for the Mayflower to tow would be 18 cwt. (about); that is roughly the same weight as the car itself. Another way of arriving at the ideal weight is to allow 40 c.c. engine capacity per cwt. of total load, *i.e.,* passengers, car and weight of trailer complete. This formula could work out as follows:



1247 (Engine cc.) / 40 = 31 cwt. (total load)

Car (18 cwt.) plus passengers and luggage (3 cwt.) weigh 21 cwt. Caravan with all extras ready for the road should, therefore, not exceed 10cwt. Weight on tow-bar should not exceed 1 cwt.

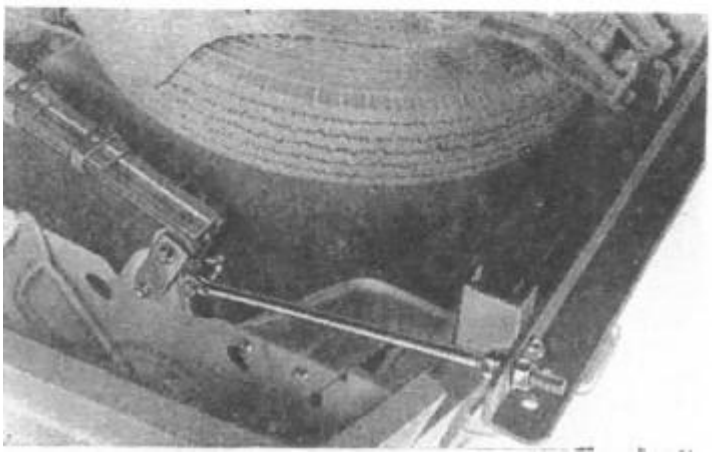
Mr. Savill actually exceeded this ideal by quite a bit; his caravan with all on weighed 16 cwt. In other words he was towing practically the maximum, with the result that he was aware of the extra load at times and made allowance in his methods of driving to compensate.



The Towing Attachment

The attachment consisted of a 2 ins. by 2 ins. angle iron bar bolted to the normal bumper bar brackets with distance pieces which can be either angle iron or hard wood packing pieces. The bar attached in this way only would undoubtedly be strong enough for a light luggage trailer of say 5 cwt.

To ensure strength for a greater weight two stays have been added. These consist of two ½ in. round steel rods threaded at one end and flattened and drilled at the other, attached to the angle iron by means of two nuts. The forward end is attached to the upper spring shackle bolt by means of a clamp. This construction can be seen in the sketch.



The angle iron can be drilled on both sides as shown in our photographs and in the sketch, so that

it may be attached either as shown or turned the other way up to get extra height or allow for the attachment of a coupling requiring a vertical face. In most cases the actual trailer coupling can be attached to the angle iron direct by providing two suitable holes in the centre, in the case illustrated the ball attachment was vertical and in order to obtain sufficient clearance from the lower part of the car body a flat plate was welded to the angle bar in a horizontal plane. With this attachment, and by turning the bar into the alternative position, fittings which bolt to a vertical face could also be mounted, and a greater variation of towing height provided if necessary.

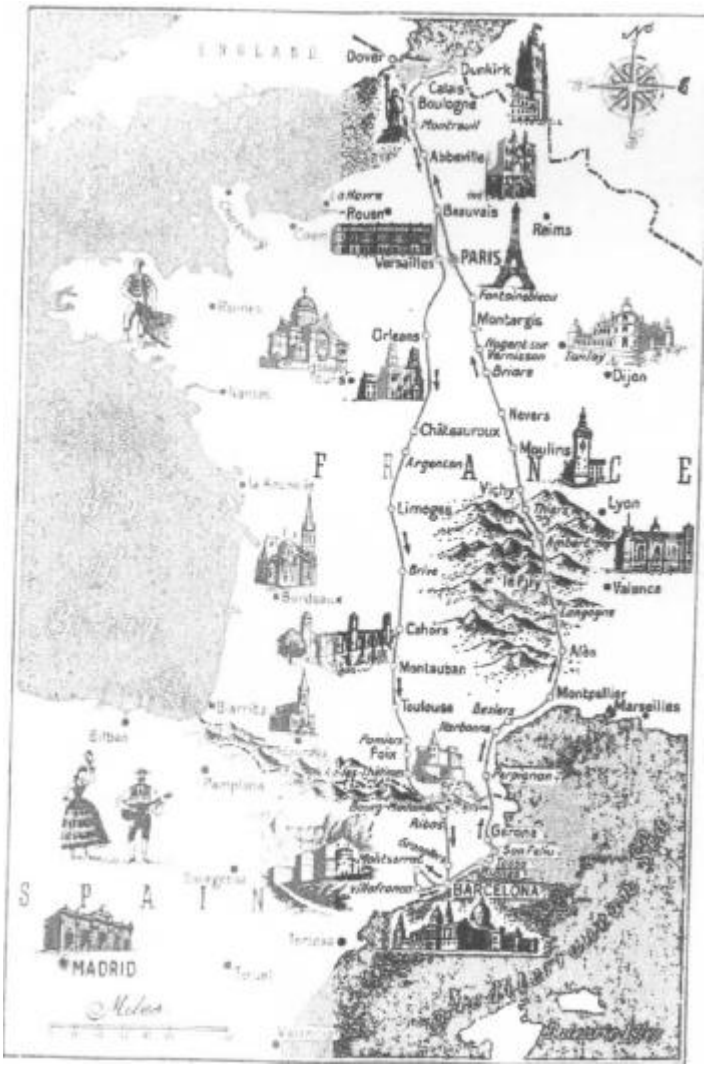
In these illustrations no attempt has been made to show the car bumper bar, but this could have been re-attached without any great trouble by bolting the bumper bar brackets to the distance pieces or probably to the extension of the additional strengthening rods.

Alternatively, of course, the angle iron used for the attachment could have been left long enough to provide protection without troubling to add the normal bumper bar. In this case the ends should have been rounded.

A Mayflower Abroad

The Standard Car Review, April 1952

"Only fourteen days on the continent were available to us and we were eager to see a little of the weather and the countryside of the reputably 'Sunny Spain'. Our plans were to cross France as quickly as possible, spend a week in the north-east of Spain and return more leisurely through the French Massif Central" says M. A. Hustilow, author of this article.



No special preparation was given to the Mayflower beyond its normal grease and brake check, though a dipping harness was fitted to the off-side headlamp and a pair of Lucas 301 bulbs acquired to correct the lighting for continental regulations. A full set of tools, was augmented by a tyre pump, a gallon of oil, a quart tin of Redex and a small measure with which to give each filling of petrol its appropriate quota of U.C.L. The choice of spares for such a trip presents a problem so, armed with The Standard Motor Co. Ltd's specially prepared Continental Touring booklet which provides for spares and service to be obtained without cash on the spot, we finally decided not to take any.

As there were but two of us, this left ample room in the rear of the car and the boot for miscellaneous impedimenta—room which was eventually well filled. It was thus that the Mayflower was unusually "down at the stern" when we left the Midlands to catch the night train ferry from Dover. This turned out to be the new French boat *St. Germain,* which, despite its excellent appointments, allowed us to sleep for only about an hour and a half before we were awakened in the lock at Dunkirk. We were clear of the town by 6 a.m. and set off on the well known route through Calais and Boulogne, where we picked up a young Swiss hitch-hiker with an exceptionally heavy rucksack, and on to Abbeville and Beauvais. At a corner with a monument commemorating the loss of the R.101, we turned off N.1. to avoid Paris and made for Versailles, passing the impressive Headquarters of S.H.A.P.E.

We dropped our passenger outside the Palace at Versailles, reluctantly refusing to spare the time for a visit, and were soon on N.20. Unfortunately, a secret ambition to do 230 miles before lunch had to be abandoned due to fatigue through lack of sleep on the boat, and, during a two-hour stop, the Saturday afternoon traffic from Paris increased so rapidly that our progress to Orleans was somewhat hampered.

About this time we were able to listen to a clear reception of the last hour of the fifth Test Match, a tribute to the capabilities of the H.M.V. radio, which provided a welcome relief during some of the more prosaic stretches of the journey. By the time we reached Argenton, at about 7.30 p.m., we had travelled not far short of 400 miles and felt we could call it a day.

Leaving at 10 o'clock next morning we found that the road took us through some beautiful hill country to Brive. Despite the hills the car was warming to its task, aided considerably by the French " super" on which it was now running. By 7.30 p.m., the time at which prudent travellers prefer to know where they will spend the night, we were in the foothills of the Pyrenees in the little town of Foix. The last 97 miles had been covered in two-and-a-quarter hours, which included an involuntary detour into one of the lesser known streets of Toulouse, not,

unfortunately, shown in the invaluable Michelin and mile crawl through a small town very much *en fete*. We

LA BISBAL. Once the seat of a Bishopric, La Bisbal is now a sleepy little town in the Province of Gerona. The dried up river bed is typical of what has happened to many of the rivers in Spain, reduced to a mere trickle. The bridge is ancient, but the ford being used by a covered cart is more ancient still.

discovered at Foix that it was the anniversary of the liberation of this part of the country and the amateur town band played well into the night for dancing on the tree-lined square.

After a comfortable night at the Hostellerie Barbacane, we turned away from the little town, almost surrounded by sharp precipices, with a fairytale castle on a hill in its midst, to follow the valley of the Ariege to Ax-les Thermes. From L'Hopitalet the road became steeper and more tortuous but as the no doubt beautiful views ware hidden by cloud we had lo console ourselves with the discovery that we were approaching 6,000 feet without a sign of pinking or overheating and in top gear except for the sharper hairpins. On the Col de Puymorens the clouds lifted and a bright sun revealed a beautiful green valley amid rugged mountains dotted with anti-avalanche timber barriers. Thence we dropped down to Bourg Madame and were soon over the little level crossing into Spain. At the Customs House we had motored precisely 1,000 miles from home in three days.

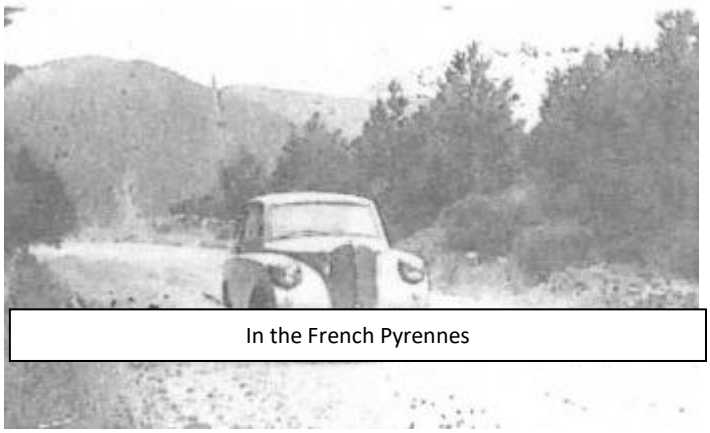
Spain immediately produced the unexpected; an English-speaking Customs official, complete absence of Customs formalities, except for examination of carpet and passports, petrol coupons at 3/9d. per gallon and the most comprehensive cloudburst we had ever seen. The unmetalled roads rapidly became impassable muddy rivers, but as the rain eased we set off over the Spanish Pyrenees. By French standards the road surface was atrocious, though the sharp gradients and twists effectively limited our speed to about 20m.p.h.

On the Tosas Pass, we were suddenly confronted by a number of heavily armed soldiers who, however, only wanted us to take their officer to the next town. We felt it was only prudent to comply, albeit somewhat resentfully, but were very pleased when he later introduced us to the Hotel Prats at Ribas. There, we encountered for the first time the warm-hearted friendliness of the Spanish, their excellent food and wine, cheap accommodation and their zealous interest in motor cars. On the urgent advice of one of the guests, we forsook the car for most of the following day and took the mountain railway train up to Nuria. This is a tiny square block of buildings, approached through magnificent scenery and situated near the top of the mountains; a popular centre for winter sports and reputedly the unofficial exit to France for some of the less successful combatants in the Spanish Civil War. The sun shone and the air was crisp and clear and we felt that a holiday here, so far from the troubles of the world, would be a memorable experience.

However, the little tram soon returned to take us down through steep sparsely wooded gorges to the greener valley below and to Ribas, whence we motored some fifty miles to Granoliers. There we slept soundly after the affects of the altitude at the comfortable modem Hotel Europa for the very reasonable sum of three shillings each. The next morning we proceeded to the northern outskirts of Barcelona, replenished our stock of food for our picnic lunches and took the Madrid road out for about twenty miles before turning off towards

Montserrat After our sinuous and solitary climb up the side of this fantastic rock formation, it came as a surprise to find many cars, coaches and people at the top. The interior of the famous church provided a relief from the very bright sunlight outside but the views from this vantage point were equally impressive. The red landscape stretched for miles to the distant mountain ranges and strangely shaped hills and rocks rose with villages or farms perched on their slopes and far below was the river from which we had recently climbed.

We returned to Barcelona through Villafranca, a detour which provided further views of the jagged mass of Montserrat, softened now by the bright glow of the setting sun. Barcelona was very full and, despite the help of a charming policeman, we were unlucky enough to choose a hotel which proved to be drab, noisy, dark, expensive and staffed by cheeky page-boys and apathetic receptionists. We found, next morning, much to interest us in the street known as the Ramblas with its little shops on either side and down the centre a large island where there are newsstands and stalls offering a variety of goods, and saturnine spivs sidle up to offer watches, rings and other valuables. We were struck by the number of police and soldiers in a variety of uniforms, often with rifles and fixed bayonets and apparently posted at every street comer.



In the French Pyrennes

We left Barcelona by the coastal road through industrial suburbs and small holiday resorts but, instead of going as far as Gerona, turned off to Blanes. We were now on the Costa Brava and quickly lost our comparatively good metalled toads. It was dusk as we wound down from the hills into Tossa and the lights from the fishing boats and the lighthouse glimmered over the sea. Much has been written of Tossa, the setting for the film "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman" and now it has become a "Little England." We had only seen one GB. car in Spain apart from Barcelona but, in Tossa, there were more cars and tourists from Britain than from any other country. Our hotel, with accommodation for thirty-five, had, the proprietor proudly informed us, thirty-one English. Nevertheless, we spent three delightful days there, marred by one morning's rain and the unfortunate effects of drinking Tossa water. We explored its "old town," situated within stout walls and towers which have withstood their assailants through the centuries, and we made the acquaintance of "Jimmy," Tossa's own Pooh-Bah and friend, guide and counsellor to all its visitors. He took us along the coast road towards San Feliu to show us the splendour of rugged cliffs and creeks backed by cork trees and looking out over the blue Mediterranean. It is to be hoped that the beauties of this delightful place will not be lost in an attempt to cater for its increasing popularity. To prospective visitors, however, one's advice must be to see this little fishing village before it may be too late.

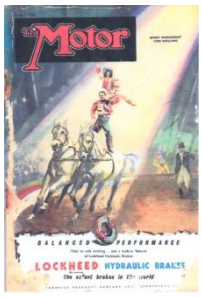
The independent front suspension of the Mayflower had had an abnormal amount of work to do, so, in preparation for the return journey and in the absence of a garage, the front wheels were removed and it was greased in one of Tossa's tiny streets to the great delight of the natives. Then, bidding farewell lo the friends we had made during our short stay, we turned again towards San Feliu, along fifteen miles of atrocious road with views, however, that made it more than worthwhile. At intervals there were large heaps of road-making material which, Jimmy had assured us, were for psychological rather than practical purposes. At Gerona, the road improved and we were soon in France again. After a night at Narbonne, we followed the coast round to Montpellier and then turned north through Ales to the lesser known N.106, and to the route so excellently described by Mr. Rowe in his article "A Route to Linger On," staying the night at Langogne. The following day, we continued along the route as far as Briare and then kept north towards Paris, staying at a delightful hotel in the little village of Nogent-sur-Vemisson.

After a brief visit to Fontainebleau and twenty-four hours in Paris, we left at 5.45 pm. for a swift dash to the coast, picking up our south-bound route again just before Beauvais and following it to Dunkirk where we arrived at 10.50 pm.

The Reckoning.

So ended our fourteen days on the continent; by the time we reached home we had covered 2,556 miles. It had been hard going for the car although it had seemed capable of cruising indefinitely at around 60 m.p.h. Only twice had the radiator temperature exceeded 75 degrees, during a prolonged spell at over sixty and when climbing on a very hot day in Spain. At times it seemed as if one had to restrain its appetite for miles; none of the tools except grease guns and wheel-brace were required and we did not even suffer a puncture. Oil consumption was just under two pints and petrol consumption was 69 gallons, or 37 m.p.g. The motoring cost per mile was 1-6d. for petrol and a further l-3d. covered cross-channel transport for the car and R.A.C. charges. A truly outstanding performance by the Mayflower and an unforgettable experience for its passengers.

Mayflower in Pakistan

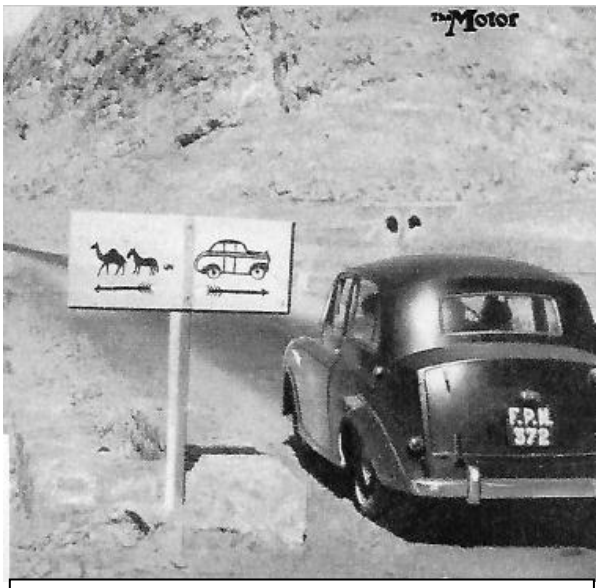


The Motor, March 1952

Varied scenery and road conditions on a day's excursion in the North West by K. McCall

SHORTLY after taking delivery of my Mayflower, and while it was still being run in, I decided to give it a thorough trial by making a full day's run up over Malakand Pass and into the small independent State of Swat. A letter to the Political Agent for the States of Dir, Swat and Chitral brought me the necessary permit to pass through Malakand Agency and enter Swat; and, in addition, the Political Agent very kindly gave me the latest information on the condition of the roads I should be using, and hints as to which route to take in order to see the most attractive scenery.

The only road running north from the Royal Pakistan Air Force College at Risalpur, my present unit, passes first of all through thirty miles of gently sloping agricultural country,



SIGN LANGUAGE.—
Nothing could be plainer than this sign, on the road into Swat; Camels, asses, etc., to the left. cars to the right.

A sketch map of the author's route into the mountainous territory of Swat, one of the independent frontier states.

fertile and green, and latticed by a fine network of canals. The brownish water of the innumerable irrigation channels is here serving its second purpose, having first passed, only a few miles back, through the turbines of a new hydro-electric power station. This corrugated-iron building, at Dargai, gleams like burnished silver in the fierce glare of the sun, visible for miles. Surely none of the Tommies who sweated and fought in these parts could ever have visualized that one day this modern power station would look out over the plain towards the sun-baked forts in which they sweltered out their overseas tour, or that the descendants of the fierce tribesmen who took so much delight in sniping at the British would be content to sit quietly at home, tilling irrigated fields and using electricity to help with cottage industries.

Some of these same Tommies, too, must have felt very nostalgic as they footslogged their way along the roads around Dargai, for the countryside is remarkably like parts of North Wales. As I drove along a bumpy track to visit the hydro-electric plant, raising suffocating clouds of dust that blotted out the occasional passers-by and obliged them to pull the loose end of a turban over their mouths and nostrils, I could easily imagine myself skirting the foot of Snowdon. Round me were bare, barren mountains of dull slate, while beside the track rushed a wild, leaping torrent that beat fiercely against the many stone bridges barring its path. Only the pedestrians, the dust and a few buffalo carts spoilt the illusion.

A mile beyond Dargai is the first of the two Control Posts. "Control" wasn't quite the word in my case, however, for the Political Agent had been as good as his promise and left notice of my coming, and f had only the formality of signing a Visitors' Book. And, to my great surprise, I was not asked to pay toll. Many of the roads in Pakistan are maintained from money collected at countless toll-bars, especially on mountain roads—very often the collection of the toll is let out by the Provincial Government to a contractor, who fixes his own fee and guarantees to keep the road in good condition. Toll charges vary considerably; for instance, the road from the Punjab to Srinagar crosses into Azad Kashmir at Kohala bridge. At one end of the bridge the motorist pays a toll of one rupee eight annas (roughly 3s. 3d.) to the Punjab authorities, and at the other end the Azad Kashmiris demand a further three rupees; and the same happens when the poor traveller returns across the Jhelum River.

DEFENCE METHOD.—Typical of the area is this sun-baked fort, of the sort in which many British soldiers have spent their overseas tour.

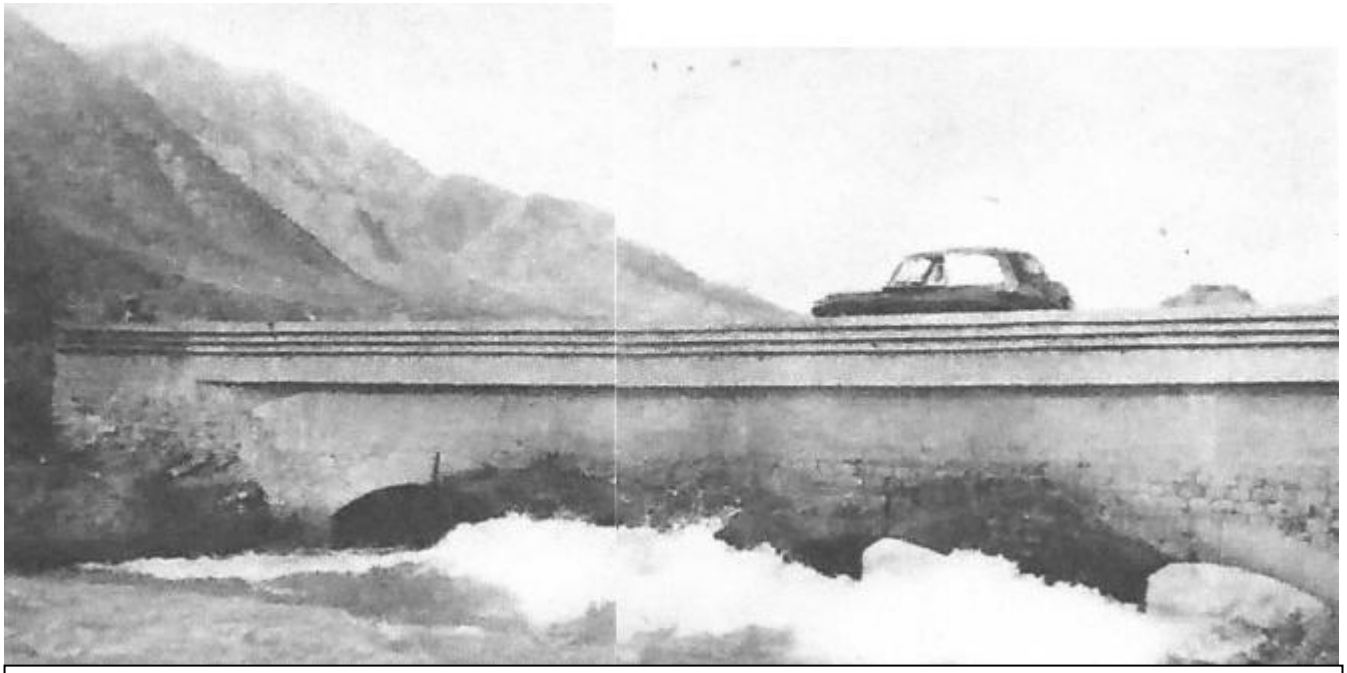
From the first Control Post there was a noticeable increase in the gradient, and soon the real ascent began. The incline was nowhere very steep, but countless hairpin bends kept the Mayflower in second gear most of the time. A four-gear box would be a great improvement to the car. The corners were tricky, especially on the upward journey, when I was on the blind side of the road and had to keep a wary eye open for the brightly-painted lorry-buses which negotiate this Pass by good luck, Allah's blessing and ineffective brakes. Here and there a broken rail served as a memorial to some unfortunate driver and a warning to all other motorists.

RULER'S PALACE.—Pillared and porticoed, the Palace of Wall Sahib, ruler of Swat, is an attractive building. He is a popular ruler, and Is providing new schools, hospitals and roads.

On this road there seems to be no obedience to any mathematical laws regarding camber. To all appearances, the navvies who began the road had relied on shovels alone, and the tar-laying gang who followed them had meticulously covered the dirt surface with an even layer of top-dressing and bitumen, producing a wonderful contour effect. Whatever the truth of the matter, the road is most uneven and is a good test of a car's springs. The road builders have had one good idea (which, I have since been told, is also to be found in the Lake District): instead of painting a white line along the centre of the road at blind corners, the Public Works Department has set, in the middle of the roadway, white-painted triangular stones whose apexes project two or three inches above the ground. The idea would be perfect if it deterred drivers from swinging towards the middle of the road, but it loses much of its efficacy because most local lorry drivers are sufficiently reckless on curves to straddle the stones completely.

INDICATORS.— Raised white stones make a psychologically good central road division, and their use on blind corners of the Malakand Pass has proved more effective than white lines. The idea is also used in parts of the English Lake District

At the top of the Pass stands a second big fort, Malakand, which is now garrisoned by the Pakistan Army. It has had a turbulent existence. In 1897 there was fierce fighting when the fort was besieged by several thousand Swati



NOSTALGIC AREA – The country around Dargai (Welsh-sounding name) is in many respects reminiscent of Wale. This picture shows the rushing torrent dash against the stone bridges on the way to the hydroelectric station.

tribesmen, and its small British garrison had a grim time awaiting the arrival of a relief force from the plains. A stirring account of this siege and the relief, with the subsequent punitive expedition into the then tribal territory of Swat, is to be found in "The Malakand Field Force, 1897," by a young subaltern named Winston Spencer Churchill, who was a member of the Commander-in-Chief's staff. Reminders of the old days at Malakand are many and obvious, for nearly every British unit that has served there has left its badge either painted on

RELIGIOUS RELIC—A Buddhist stupa (religious shrine) dating from about 200 A.D., seen near Saidu Sharif.

HOMESTEADS.—An attractive corner of Baidara village, its buildings being of a composite construction of stone, mud and wood.

prominent rocks or carved deep into the face of the road cutting.

Below the frowning walls of the fort is a Burmah-Shell petrol pump, the last for a long distance, and as I took the opportunity of refuelling I was again transported in thought to Wales by the Pathan pump-attendant's musical, lilting voice. It would be interesting to learn whether the same sing-song type of voice is characteristic of all hill-dwellers; it is certainly most pronounced among the Pathans in these parts.

As we drove down the north face of the Pass, the beauty of the Swat River valley unfolded suddenly and attractively before us. The quiet, brown water of the many irrigation canals and the blue, snow-fed raging torrent of the river itself have transformed the whole plain into prosperous agricultural land and turned the thoughts of the inhabitants into more peaceful channels. Only rarely now does a band of hillmen swoop down into the valley to carry off cattle and women, and even these infrequent raids are often rendered harmless by the strong, square

communal forts which are to be seen beside nearly every village and into which the villagers and their livestock are bundled for safety when danger threatens.

SOUVENIRS.—Almost every British army unit that has served at Malakand Fort has painted or carved its regimental badge on the rockface of the road cutting

The drive through the Swat Valley was like seeing a rapid-motion James Fitzpatrick Travelogue film. I have already mentioned the pseudo-Welsh scenes, which brought a lump to my wife's throat; here, in the valley proper, one was surrounded by miniature slabs of nearly all Europe. The many orchards in the plain, which filled us with memories of an Austin 7 tour though Normandy soon after the war, were sheltered from the wind by long lines of poplars which might have been waving over their native Lombard Plain; in the middle distance, rows of pine-clad mountains inspired visions of Norway and Austria; and, far off, peeping here and there over the shoulders of the lower hills, were the snow-mantled "Swiss Alps," alias the Hindu Rush Range. Asia, too, was represented, by the green paddy fields beside the road, through whose chocolate mud plodded teams of slow, patient buffaloes.

Just beyond the extreme limit of Malakand Agency we came to the second Control Post, where the formalities were even less obtrusive than at the first. Here the metalled road ended, and the Mayflower had its first taste of corrugated surfaces. For about twenty miles I had to drive at a steady 35 m.p.h. in order to ride over the tops of the crippling corrugations (a trick learnt the hard way in Australia, where bitumen roads are few and far between). Apart from this short corrugated stretch, the Swat roads are as smooth as a board, albeit inches thick in dust. With a callous disregard for the residents of wayside villages (they must be pretty used to the dust by now) and a curse for passing motorists, one can maintain a steady average speed of 55 or 60 m.p.h. nearly everywhere throughout the State. The present ruler of Swat, Wali Sahib, has his people's interests very much at heart and is providing modern schools and hospitals and excellent roads. Much of the road maintenance is carried out by gangs of convicts chained in pairs; they appear perfectly cheerful, and are certainly not overworked.

Outdoor Entertainment

In the capital, Saidu Sharif, the State runs a first-rate hotel which would shame many of its English counterparts. We called in to order a late lunch for our return from the northern end of the State; then we pressed on to Madyan, 35 miles farther along, where the valley has narrowed so much as to force the road to cling perilously to the high bank of the river. A few miles beyond Saidu Sharif we found a delightful picnic spot where a level strip of turf lay below the road level, between it and the river.

PADDY.—One of the wide, wet rice fields which thrive on the floor of the Swat river valley.

As we ate a packed snack we were treated to two free entertaining turns. The first of these might, however, have been serious for the performer: a shaggy-haired mountain pony came trotting round a bend in the road, suddenly saw the parked car, and shied so violently that his rider unexpectedly found himself rolling over and over in the dust, but still clutching the piece of rope that served as a rein; only by a stroke of luck did he save himself from toppling over the edge into the icy rapids below.

The second incident raised my opinion of bovine sagacity. A small herd of buffaloes decided to leave the river pasture where they were grazing, and join their friends in a cud-chewing session on a small island in the middle of the river. Shambling into the water one by one, each in turn was quickly out of its depth and swept away by the swift current. Soon there was nothing to be seen but half a dozen black faces showing above the foam,

momentarily disappearing as their owners bobbed down behind a wave. An English cow, I am sure, would have displayed great alarm, eyes wide with fright. But nothing can wipe the smug, complacent look off the face of a buffalo cow, and these old hands seemed to know what they were doing. Wearing an expression like the proverbial smile on the face of the tiger, they allowed the current to carry them several hundred yards, taking care only to face upstream all the time. At the lower tip of the small island each of the cows was stranded on a hidden shoal, and, as calmly as though they had stepped off a bus, they waded ashore.

TWO-MAN SHOVEL.—Road-mending made easy: one man digs the shovel in, and the other helps him to lift it and its contents by means of a rope tied to the handle.

I have said that we were twice entertained. Actually, the whole of this section of the outing was amusing. Along the Grand Trunk Road, which runs east from Peshawar to Lahore and thence to Delhi, the motorist's constant hazards are the hundreds of bullock carts, tongas (horsedrawn vehicles) and pedestrians, all of whom insist on hugging the middle of the track, undisturbed by any amount of frantic hooting; but the inhabitants of Swat still have not seen enough motor traffic to render themselves blasé and therefore a menace to drivers and themselves, and invariably there was a wild rush to both sides of the dirt road as we approached parties of walkers. Amazing feats of balance were performed by the many pedestrians who carried bundles on their heads and who were none the less quick at running or jumping out of our way; but one and all grinned with childlike pleasure as we drove past, amused at their own fright. Time after time, too, I had to stop the car to prevent terrified donkeys, goats, buffaloes and sheep from stampeding. Coming round a comer on one occasion, we almost ran into the rear pair of a party of gaudily-clothed men marching down the middle of the road, carrying on their shoulders a bier from one end of which a waxy pair of feet protruded. Only a miracle prevented the shrouded corpse from failing to the dust.

A Variety of Tests

Our day's outing covered a total distance of 244 miles, involving metalled roads, smooth and corrugated dirt roads, two climbs up and down the Malakand Pass; and, for good measure, a torrential tropical downpour and a blinding dust-storm in quick succession. These two last were a good field-test of the car's waterproofing and dustproofing qualities respectively. I found that a good deal of dust found its way into the car; but I defy any car manufacturer to produce door-joints that will exclude the fine, powdery dust that we get in this part of the world. And, even if the dust could be kept out by closing the car completely, one would almost die of the extreme heat after a couple of minutes.

The engine showed no sign of heating or strain, even on the climbs, and the springing was excellent. I have earlier remarked on the desirability of an extra gear. Since this trip the car has clocked 5,000 miles in just on five months, with seven or eight climbs of 7,000 feet each, a tough journey to the Cease-Fire Line in Kashmir, a run through the Khyber Pass, and a second trip to Swat State—in fact, one long succession of climbs, with a good measure of dust thrown in. And more than ever am I a confirmed admirer of the Mayflower.

The New Mayflower

The Standard Review, November 1949

The bright sunshine and pleasing background would suggest that this photograph of the new Triumph Mayflower was taken in the springtime at some quiet country town. In actual fact the scene is set in the heart of industrial Coventry City, and it was recorded by our cameraman but a few days before we went to press—towards the end of October!

The camera viewpoint was at the front of the present Coventry Hippodrome which was opened in Nov., I937, and as a matter of interest to those who know the city before then, the old Hippodrome stood on the site where trees and shrubs are now seen in the immediate background. Within a stone's throw from here are the City's fire Station, main bus termini and principle shopping centre.

TRIUMPH MAYFLOWER IN INDIA

The Standard Car Review, June 1952

Dear Sir,

I have just returned from a 2,350 miles tour from Calcutta to Delhi and back, which I did with two friends of mine in my Triumph Mayflower (purchased in March, 1951), and I am writing to you because I feel that you might be interested to hear how the car behaved in the heat and dust of the tropics and on occasionally extremely poor roads.

As I was pressed for time on the up-journey, we covered the first 830 miles in two days. The average speed, including stops, rests, river crossings [which sometimes take many hours, as the car is loaded on a train (see photograph below)], was 30 - 33.5 miles per hour. The overall petrol consumption on this trip was 28 miles per gallon.

An undignified (but necessary) method of travel for a Triumph Mayflower. (See above letter).

On long stretches of good road we usually kept a speed of 50 - 55 miles per hour; but as the roads are often narrow and frequented by bullock carts, with their in-charge asleep on top, we had to slacken down frequently, because one has to leave the hard road and drive over the sandy kud. Altogether there were some 130 miles of road unmetalled, full of pot-holes, where often could not exceed a speed of 20 m.p.h.

On the second day we found that round about noon the cooling water temperature was running rather high. The shade temperature at that time was 100°F. We had to stop and fill up with water several times and the maximum speed had to be reduced to 45 m.p.h. The engine (or the plugs) was hotter than normal, so much so that self-ignition occurred when the switch was turned off. I felt that the new spark plugs which I had fitted before departure (type KLG.FE70) were perhaps to blame and replaced them by the original ones. This seemed to give an improvement and further improvement was obtained when I removed the scale in the cooling water system during our stop at Shikohabad,

For the next 1,500 miles the car gave no trouble, although during the hottest part of the day (temperature in the car 111°F, outside air temperature 107°) the evaporation was fairly high (about ½ " loss of water in the radiator every 1 ½ hours). Unfortunately the thermometer broke down, so that no actual temperature check was

possible. I have been wondering whether the thermostatic control valve was to blame and whether it would not be better to remove it on my next trip. Perhaps you can advise.

Yours faithfully,
H. W. Morsman
Calcutta, 24.

The loss of radiator water to which you refer may not have been entirely due to excessive heat. The loss from this cause would be negligible, provided the water in the system did not actually boil, a fact which can usually be checked even without the temperature gauge.

If actual boiling did not take place the loss was probably due to you expecting too high a water level to be maintained. When driving hard and with the air temperature at maximum there is a considerable initial loss of water through the radiator overflow pipe, but after reaching a point, perhaps 3 inches below the filter orifice, the loss will cease. This loss is often increased by excessively hard braking, which tends to cause the radiator water to surge up and overflow through the escape pipe.

The "running on" of the engine after switching off is no doubt, as you say, largely due to using the wrong type plug. The correct and most satisfactory plug for this engine Is the Champion NA8 with ¾" reach.

Do not have the slow-running adjustment of your carburettor set too fast; arrange for this to allow the engine to run as slowly as possible without stalling.

You will also find the tendency to "run on" less noticeable If the engine is allowed to tick over for a few seconds before finally switching off. We do not know what the petrol is like in your country, but some of the low octane fuels obtainable these days cause pinking and running on to be very pronounced.

One more point—make sure your fan belt is not slipping.